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MY HOME BESIDE THE SEA.

BY S. C. WESTWORTH.

Tell me no more of prairies green,
With starry blossoms bright,
Of landscapes, shadowless, serene
In Luna's silvery light;
Of forest isles, of storied mound,
Whate'er their beauties be;
Give me the rough old stamping ground
At home beside the sea.

Tell me no more of melting skies,
Of breezes soft and low,
Of Summer clad in gorgeous dyes,
Unchilled of Winter's snow.
For southern shores the northern bird
May take his wings and flee—
I'll make my nest far northernward,
At home beside the sea.

The Southron from his sunny land
May kindly welcome send,
And friends I love a beck'ning hand
O'er western waves extend.
Their prairie homes may open wide
With joyful shouts for me,
While two fond hearts my thoughts divide
At home beside the sea.

Sweet home, where silvery heads repose
In Life's Autumnal frost,
Though rude winds blow, and driving snows
Beat down by tempests tost—
Fond hearts no more my absence shide,
Keep kindly cheer for me,
I'm coming with the Autumn tide,
Old home beside the sea.

DREAM-HAUNTED.

I HAD taken a lease of Gledhills of my friend Mr. Lomond. The latter, before he would consider the business settled, insisted upon my sleeping one night at Gledhills. "Dobson and his wife, who have charge of the house, will find you a tolerable dinner, and make you up a comfortable bed. I will walk over in the morning at ten and see you; and then, if you are still in the same mind that you are in now, I will have the agreement drawn up at once, and you can enter upon your occupancy the following day."

The Autumn day was drawing to a close when I found myself walking up the avenue toward the old mansion at Gledhills. An old man answered my summons at the door. He bowed respectfully at sight of me, and informed me that Mr. Lomond had sent word that I was about to dine and sleep at Gledhills, and that everything was prepared for my reception. As I crossed the threshold the great door closed behind me with a dull, heavy crash, that vibrated through every corner of the house, and awoke a foreboding echo in my heart. Preceded by my ancient guide, whom age and rheumatism had bent almost double, I crossed the desolate-looking entrance-hall, passed up the grand staircase, and so through a pair of folding-doors into the drawing-room, beyond which was a suit of smaller rooms, of which two had now been set apart for my service. How chill and cheerless everything looked in the cold light of the dying day! Now that the glamour of sunshine rested no longer on the place, my fancy refused to invest any of those bare, desolate rooms with the pleasant attributes of home; and already, in my secret mind, I half repented my facile eagerness in being so willing to accept, without further experience, this worm-eaten old mansion, tenanted, doubtless, by the ghosts of a hundred dead-and-gone folks, as a shelter for my household gods, a home for all that I held dear on earth.

The two rooms set aside for me I found to be comfortably furnished, in a neat but inexpensive style; but when I understood from the old man that ever since the death of the last tenant, three years before, they had been furnished and set aside, ready for the reception of any chance visitors, like myself, who, either by their own wish or that of Mr. Lomond, might decide to pass a night at Gledhills, and three or four would-be occupants before me had so slept there a night each, and had gone on their several ways next morning, never to be seen under that roof again, I began to think that there might perhaps be something more in Mr. Lomond's stipulation than was visible on the surface.

Having dined, and done ample justice to Mr. Lomond's claret, and being possessed in some measure by the demon of unrest, I took my cigar and strolled along the corridor, and so came presently into the great empty drawing-room, in which the moonbeams were now playing a ghostly game of hide-and-seek. It was unearpeted and destitute of furniture, and its oaken floor creaked and groaned beneath my tread, as though it were burdened with some dreadful secret which it would fain reveal, but could not. Outside each of the three long, narrow windows with which the room was lighted was a small balcony, below which stretched a velvety expanse of lawn, set here and there with a gay basket of flowers, the whole being shut in by a clump of sombre firs. I have said that the room was destitute of furniture, but I found after a time that it still contained one relic of its more prosperous days, in the shape of a family portrait, which still hung over the mantle piece as it had hung for half a century or more. When I became aware of this fact I fetched one of the candles out my sitting-room, in order that I might examine the picture more closely. It was a full-length portrait of a man in the military costume that was in vogue toward the end of last century. The face was very handsome, with a proud, resolute beauty of its own, that would have been very attractive but for a vague, repellent something—a hint of something tiger-like and cruel lurking under the surface of that artificial smile, which the artist had caught with rare fidelity, and had fixed on the canvas forever. It must have been something in the better traits of the countenance that taught me to see a likeness to Mr. Lomond; and I could only conclude that the portrait before me was that of some notable ancestor of the present master of Gledhills.

The fatigues of the day and the solitude to which I was condemned drove me to bed at an early hour; but there was something about the novelty of my position that precluded sleep for a long time after I had put out my light, and I remember hearing some clock strike twelve while I was still desperately wide awake; but that is the last thing I do remember, and I suppose that I must have slid off to sleep a few minutes later, while still in the act of asseverating to myself that to sleep there was for me an impossibility. Whether I had slept for hours or for minutes only, when I woke up in the weird land of dreams, is a point on which I can offer no opinion. I awoke to that consciousness which is possessed by dreamers, and which, in many cases, is quite as vivid as the consciousness of real life; but throughout the strange, wild drama that followed I was without any individuality of my own; I had all the consciousness of a spectator without the responsibility of one. I was nothing; I had no existence in my dream; I was merely the witness of certain imaginary occurrences, which took place without any reference to me, and which I was powerless to prevent or influence in the slightest degree.

Before me was the drawing-room at Gledhills—I recognized it at once by the portrait of the soldier over the fireplace. The walls, painted of a delicate sea-green, were hung with numerous pictures and engravings in rich frames. A thick Aubusson carpet covered the floor, and in the huge fireplace a wood fire, that had nearly burned itself down to ashes, was slowly expiring. The furniture was chintz-covered, and curtains of chintz draped the three high narrow windows. Standing in one corner, between the quaintly-carved legs of a mahogany chiffonier, was a tall Mandarin jar, with an open-work lid, from which was exhaled a faint indescribable perfume, as of the bruised sweetness of a hundred flowers; in the opposite corner stood a harp; books richly bound were scattered about the room, which was lighted by a number of wax-candles fixed in lustres over the mantlepiece.

Seated at a little fancy table was a girl, eighteen or twenty years old, making-believe to be busy with her embroidery, but with a mind evidently preoccupied by some more important subject. She had on a short-waisted white dress, after the fashion of those days, from which her long narrow skirts fell away in sedate folds, utterly guiltless of all modern modes of extension of circumference. Her face was beautiful, and she had the air of a person quite conscious of that fact; but underlying this charm of regular features there was something resolute and proud, that carried the mind back, as by an instinct, to the portrait over the fireplace. She had loosened the thick masses of her chestnut hair, and they now fell low down over her shoulders, confined only by a narrow band of blue velvet. Round her neck was a thin chain of gold, from which hung a locket, which she drew every now and then from the bosom of her dress, and pressed with feverish eagerness to her lips. The same impatience was visible in the way in which she would put a few quick stitches into her embroidery, and then pause, with the needle in her fingers, to listen intently, and so lapse into a dreamy, absent mood, out of which she would wake up in a minute or two with a start, and begin to ply her needle again as restlessly as before.

That something for which she was so impatiently waiting came at last—a low, clear, peculiar whistle, heard by me so distinctly through the midst of my dream, and remembered so well when I awoke, that I could afterward reproduce it exactly. The young lady started to her feet the moment the signal fell on her ear. Her eyes flashed with a newer radiance; her soft lips pouted into a smile; while from her bosom upward a lovely flush spread swiftly, as though Eros had touched her that instant with his torch, and already the celestial flame were coursing through her veins. A brief minute she stood thus, like a lovely statue of Expectancy; then she hurried to one of the windows, and drawing aside the long chintz curtain, she placed a lighted candle close to the window as an answering signal. Then, having withdrawn the candle and replaced the curtain, so that the window from the outside would seem quite dark again, she left the room, to return presently with a ladder of thin rope, to which were affixed two hooks of steel. Her next proceeding was to lock the three doors which opened into the drawing-room, and having thus secured herself from intrusion, she passed out of sight behind one of the curtains; and then I heard the faint sound of a window being cautiously lifted, and I knew as well as though the whole scene was visible to me that she was fixing the rope-ladder to the balcony by means of its hooks, and that presently her lover would be with her.

And so it fell out. A little while, and the curtain was lifted; the lady came back into the room; and following close upon her steps came a tall stranger, dark and handsome, like a true hero of romance.

"My darling Lenore!"

"My dearest Varrel!"

He took her in his arms, and stooped, and kissed her fondly; and then he drew her to the light, and gazed down into her eyes, in which nothing but love for him was then visible, and then he stooped again and kissed her not less tenderly than before. His roquelaure and hat had fallen to the ground, and he now stood revealed a man of fashion of the period. As before stated, he was eminently good looking, with languishing black eyes, and a pensive smile such as one usually endows Romeo with in imagination. He wore his hair without parting of any kind, in a profusion of short, black, glossy curls, in which there was no trace of the elaboration of art, and he was clean-shaven, except for a short whisker that terminated half-way down his cheek. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, swallow-tailed, short in the waist, and high-collared. His waistcoat was bright yellow as to color, crossed with a small black stripe; a huge seal depended from the fob of his black small clothes; and the Hessian boots in which his lower extremities were encased were polished to a marvellous degree of brilliancy. His cravat, white and unstarched, and tied with a large bow, was made of fine, soft muslin; and the frilled bosom of his shirt had been carefully crimped by conscientious feminine fingers. In this frill he wore a small cluster of brilliants; while a large signet-ring, a genuine antique, decorated the first finger of his right hand.

Such was the appearance of Sir Derwent Varrel; and absurd as a costume like his would now seem on the classic flags of Bond Street or St. James's, it yet became the baronet admirably, while he in return lent it a grace and distinction which made it seem the only attire proper for a gentleman.

"Why did you not come last night?" said Lenore. "Hour after hour I waited for you in vain."

"Twas not my fault, dearest, that I did not; of that rest well assured," answered Varrel. "Business that brooked not delay kept me from your side. I was hugely chagrined."

"That weary, weary business!" sighed Lenore. "'Tis ever men's excuse. But now that you are here, I will not be melancholy. "Ah, that I could be forever by your side!"

She nestled her head shyly on his bosom. He stroked her chestnut hair softly with his white hand, and looked down on her with a crafty and sinister smile—such a smile as might light up the face of a fowler when he sees the fluttering innocent which he has been doing his best to entice begin to turn longingly toward the snare.

"Little simpleton!" he replied, pulling her ear. "You speak as if what you long for were impossible of attainment; whereas one word from you would make it a blissful certainty, and render two loving hearts happy forever."

"I cannot, Varrel—I cannot say that word. Ah, why does my father dislike you so much?"

"My faith! how should I know? But dislike is not the word, little one. You should ask, why does he hate me so intensely? There are those who gladly calumniate me, and for such he has ever a ready ear; for I am unfortunate enough to have many enemies, and doubtless twice as many faults."

"No, no, I will not hear such language," exclaimed Lenore. "In time my father will relent, and then—"

"Never, girl!" said Varrel fiercely. "Colonel Lomond is not made of melting stuff. His hatred of me he will carry with him to the grave. Never look for change in him. Sweet one," he added, changing his tone in a moment to one low-breathing, imploring tenderness—"sweet one, as I have told thee before, both thy fate and mine are dependent on a single word from those rosy lips. Be mine, in spite of every one! I am rich, and can supply thy every want. We will go abroad; and in some lovely Italian valley, or fair isle of the eastern seas, we will forget our by-gone troubles, and watch the happy days glide softly past, while rounding our lives to that perfect love which alone can bring back Eden to this weary earth. Oh, Lenore, dearest and best-loved, flee with me at once and forever!"

She was standing by the little table, smiling, trembling, and yet with tears half starting from her lids, while he, kneeling on one knee, was covering her hand with passionate kisses.

"Oh, Varrel, you try me almost beyond my strength!" she murmured. "But I can not, I you darenot do as wish. You know not my father as well as I do. He would seek me out and kill me—and you too, and you too, Derwent! wherever we might be. His vengeance would be terrible and pitiless."

"Timid little puss!" he said, half scornfully, as he rose and encircled her waist with his arm. "Am I not competent to protect thee against the world? Fear nothing. For this house of bondage; for this stagnation of heart and soul, I will give thee life and light and love. Thou shalt exchange this—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Lenore, suddenly, with a smothered shriek. "I hear my father's footfall on the stairs. To the window, Varrel, or you are lost!"

One hasty kiss, and then Varrel dashed aside the chintz curtain, and sprang to the window, only to fall back next moment into the room like a man stricken in the dark. "A thousand devils! I have been betrayed!" he exclaimed. "The rope-ladder is gone, and I see the figures of men moving about the lawn. Lenore, you must hide me!"

"Too late—too late!" she sobbed.

They both stood for a moment as though changed to stone, while the footsteps came with a heavy tramp along the echoing corridor, and halted outside the door. The eyes of Lenore and Varrel turned instinctively to the door-handle, and they saw it move as it was tried from the other side, but the door was still locked.

"Open, Lenore—it is I!" said a stern voice from without; and the summons was emphasized by a heavy blow on the pannel of the door.

"Oh, Varrel, I dare not disobey!" said Lenore, in an agonized whisper. "Hide yourself behind the curtains; perhaps he may not know of your presence here; and when he shall have gone to his own room we must plan your escape. Hush! not a word. Hide! hide!

"Why this foolery of locked doors?" said he who now came in. "Am I to be barred out of my own rooms by a child like you?"

"The night was so dark, and—and I felt so lonely, and—and—"

"And—and you did not expect your father back so soon?" he said, mimicking her tone with a sneer. "Is it not so, you white-faced jade?"

"Indeed, papa, I—" pleaded the trembling Lenore.

"Don't prevaricate, girl!" he said, with a savage stamp of the foot. "Come, now, you will tell me next that you have had no visitors—eh?"

"Indeed, no, papa," said Lenore, with painful eagerness.

"Been quite alone ever since I left home this afternoon?"

"Quite alone, papa."

A faint dash of color was coming back into her cheeks by this time; she began, perhaps, to hope that after all this questioning his suspicions would be allayed, and he would go to his own room. If such were the case his next words must have undeceived her terribly.

"You lie, girl—you lie!" he said, in a voice whose sternness was not without a tremble in it; and as he spoke he touched Varrel's hat contemptuously with his foot, which up to that moment had lain unheeded on the floor. "Oh, that child of mine should ever live to deceive me thus!" His clasped hands and upturned face seemed to appeal to Heaven against the falsehood that had just been told him; but the next instant the look of anguish died from off his face, and his features settled back into more than their former harshness as he strode across the floor and flung back the curtain, behind whose folds Varrel was concealed. "Behold the proof!" he cried. "Behold the damning proof! Oh, Lenore!"

For a moment the two men stood eyeing each other in silence. Lenore, with a pitiful cry, fell at her father's feet, but he heeded her no more than if she had been a stone.

In the father of Lenore I beheld the original of the picture over the drawing-room mantlepiece; only he seemed older and more grizzled, and his features more deeply marked with the carving of Time's chisel than in his portrait. He had on a sort of military undress suit, with a pair of heavy riding-boots and spurs, and a short heavy whip in his hand.

"This, Sir Derwent Varrel, is an unexpected honor," said Colonel Lomond, in a tone of unconcealed irony, as he made the baronet a sweeping and ceremonious bow. "Pray—pray let me beg of you to emerge from an obscurity so uncongenial to one of your enterprising disposition. That is better, Lenore, child; let us have a little more light on the scene—it is a pleasure to look on the face of an honest man—and we may, perchance, need it all before we have done. More light, girl, do you hear! And now, perhaps, Sir Derwent Varrel will favor us with some explanation—any, the most simple, will, of course, do for me—of how he came to be hidden, like a common thief, behind the curtains of my drawing-room."

Varrel's pale olive cheek flushed deeply at this little speech, and a dangerous light began to glitter in his eyes as he stepped out of his hiding-place, and advanced into the room.

"Colonel Lomond shall have an explanation as simple as he desires," he said. Then he stopped to refresh his nerves with a pinch of snuff.

"You are aware, sir," he resumed, "that I love your daughter; that several months ago I would fain have made her my wife; and that your consent alone was wanting to such a union.

"Precisely so," said Colonel Lomond in the iciest of tones, as he balanced the handle of his riding-whip between his thumb and finger.

"You might prevent our marriage, sir, but you could not keep us from loving one another," said Sir Derwent proudly.

"In other words, my daughter had still sufficient respect for me to refuse to wed you without my consent; but you had not sufficient respect for her to refrain from using your influence over her weak girl's will to induce her to deceive her father, and consent to nocturnal assignations with a libertine like yourself. Love! The word is sullied by coming from such lips as yours. You and I, Sir Derwent Varrel, had high words together six months ago, and I told you then that I would rather see my daughter lying in her coffin than wedded to such a one as you; and those words I repeat again to-night. Come hither, girl," he added, seizing Lenore roughly by the wrist, "come hither, and choose at once and forever between me and this man, who has taught thee to lie to thy father. What do I say? Nay, there can be no choice between such as this man and me. I tell thee, girl, that thy ignorance cannot fathom the depths of such iniquity as his. A gambler so deeply tainted that in no society of gentlemen is he allowed to play; a libertine so vile that to couple a woman's name with his is a passport to dishonor; a sharper and blackleg, who has been twice hooted off the Newmarket course; a bankrupt so desperately involved that only by a wealthy marriage—with such a one, for example, as the heiress of Gledhills—can he hope even partially to retrieve his fortunes. Bah! what can thy country-bred ignorance know of these things?"

"Hard words, Colonel Lomond, very hard words," said Sir Derwent, disdainfully; "but I am happy to think, utterly incapable of proof."

"Hard words! ay, hard enough to have moved an innocent man to righteous anger, but not, as it seems, to flutter thy slow beating pulses ever so faintly; and that because thou knowest them to be true. Proof! Here's one out of a dozen. Who lured sweet Mary Doris from her home in yonder valley, and hid her away in London past the finding of her friends? Who held the simple village beauty lightly for a month or two, and then discarded her to starve or die as she might think best? Who but you, Sir Derwent Varrel, unless this letter also lies—a letter signed with your name, and found in the poor child's pocket when she lay with white staring face and dripping hair in the dead-house by the river. And now it is my daughter thou seekest to entrap!"

As Colonel Lomond drew from his pocket the letter of which he had been speaking, Lenore, with a low cry of anguish, sank fainting to the floor; and the horror-stricken Varrel reeled backward like one suddenly stabbed.

"Reptile! it is time the score between us were settled," said Colonel Lomond, with a venomous ferocity of tone. "Only one of us two must leave this room alive."

"I cannot—I dare not fight with you," murmured Varrel.

"Oh ho! do not think to escape me thus. You refuse to fight. Then take the punishment of cowards." And with that the heavy thong of Colonel Lomond's riding-whip whistled through the air, and came down on Varrel's neck and shoulders twice, twisting round his face on the second occasion, and leaving a thin livid wheal across his cheek where it had cut into the flesh. Varrel's first impulse was to shrink backward with a mingled cry of rage and pain; but the next instant he closed with the Colonel, and wresting the whip from his hands, flung it to the other end of the room.

"Give me a sword—a pistol—a weapon of any kind!" he cried hoarsely. "This vile treatment absolves me from all consequences. Colonel Lomond, your blood be upon your own head!"

The Colonel smiled sweetly on him. "Well spoken," he said, "only that you express yourself somewhat after the Furioso fashion. Your cry to arms is worthy of all praise, and I hasten to comply with it. In this cabinet, sir, are a couple of as pretty playthings as ever gladdened the eyes of a gentleman. *Voilà!* they are both alike in every particular. The choice is yours.

Varrel's fingers closed the hilt of one of the rapiers thus presented to him; and while he tried its edge and temper, by running his thumb and finger appreciatively along its length, and by bending its points back nearly to the hilt, Colonel Lomond disembarrassed himself of the cumbrous overcoat in which he was enveloped; and next minute the two men fronted each other.

"Gardez-vous, Monsieur" cried Colonel Lomond, as he made the first pass.

It was thoroughly understood by both of them that they were fighting for dear life—that neither of them must look for mercy from the other. Both of them were excellent swordsmen, but Sir Derwent had the advantage of youth and agility on his side, and he pressed the Colonel hardly, who, while keeping up his defence warily, yet felt himself compelled to retreat step by step before the desperate lunges of his antagonist."

The clash of the swords seemed to rouse Lenore from the stupor into which she had fallen. With her hands pressed to her temples, and with glaring eyeballs, that followed every movement of the combatants, she staggered to her feet. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Perhaps she was asking herself whether it were not all a hideous nightmare, which the first breath of reality would dissipate forever. With the same mingled look of horror and unbelief on her face she watched the two men coming slowly down the room again, for Colonel Lomond was still slightly overborne by his more youthful antagonist. The rapiers clashed together; bright sparks flew from their polished blue-black surface, as they struck each other, and bent and quivered like things of life in the grasp of the sinewy hands that held them.

The combatants were just opposite the spot where the half-demented Lenore was standing like one incapable of motion, when suddenly, at a movement in tierce, the point of Colonel Lomond's rapier snapped off; an advantage which Varrel instantly followed up with a dextrous stroke, which sent the Colonel's broken weapon flying across the room. Lenore, with the quick instinct of love, divined her father's danger; and the same moment that the rapier was twisted out of his hand she sprang forward with a wild inarticulate cry to shield him with her body from what she knew must follow; and the sword of Varrel, aimed at her father's heart with all the strength which hate and the desire of vengeance could lend to such a thrust, passed instead through the body of the hapless girl. Her father's arms caught her as she was falling. "Papa—kiss—forgive," she murmured in his ear; then a stream of blood burst from her lips, she shuddered slightly, and was dead.

Colonel Lomond pressed his quivering lips tenderly on her forehead; then lifting her in his arms, he carried her to a couch. "Lie there a little while, sweet, foolish darling," he said. "Perhaps I may join thee on thy journey before long."

Varrel, who was like a man half-crazed, would have rung for help, but Colonel Lomond, by a gesture, forbade him to do so. "You and I, sir," said the Colonel, "have still our little business to arrange."

"Great Heaven! what would you more?" exclaimed Sir Derwent.

"Revenge my daughter's death!" said Lomond.

"Her death was a pure accident."

"Granted. She died to save my life, and that life I now devote to avenging her memory. What I said before I say again—only one of us two shall quit this room alive. Here are two pistols; one of them is loaded and the other is unloaded. Choose one of them. In three minutes that clock on the chimney-piece will strike the hour. At the first stroke we will fire across this table; and may Heaven have mercy on the soul of one of us!"

"It would be murder!" said Varrel, in a low voice, while a cold sweat broke out on his ashen face.

"Call it by what name you will," said Lomond; "but as I have said, so it shall be. Dare to refuse, and by the great Fiend of Darkness, whose true son you are, I will thrash you with yonder whip within an inch of your life, and send you forth into the world branded forever as a coward and a rogue."

Sir Derwent wiped the perspiration off his forehead with his lace-bordered handkerchief, and his dry lips moved in faint protest. His courage was beginning to waver. The slow, patient ferocity of his enemy was not without its effect upon him.

"Choose!" said Colonel Lomond, as he laid a brace of pistols on the table. Varrel hesitated for a moment which to pick, and Lomond smiled grimly. No fresh arrangement of position was necessary, they being already on opposite sides of the table, on which poor Lenore's embroidery was still lying, as she had cast it aside on the first flutter of hearing her lover's signal.

"Colonel Lomond, I must make a last protest against this bloody business," said Varrel.

Again the Colonel smiled. "In ten seconds," he said, "the clock will strike. Be ready."

There was a great contrast between the two men as they stood thus, fronting what for one of them must be inevitable death. Colonel Lomond's bronzed cheek looked even darker than usual, and his eye seemed to burn with intense hate as he stood gazing at his antagonist from under his lowering brows; but his extended arm was as firm as a bar of steel. Varrel was evidently nervous. His lips had faded to a dull bluish white; he pressed one hand to his chest occasionally, as if to still the throbbing heart beneath; while the other, which held the pistol, trembled slightly in spite of him.

Four seconds—three seconds—two seconds. The deathly brooding stillness that prevaded the room was something awful. One second. The silvery bell of the little French clock had not completed its first stroke before the two triggers were pulled. A flash, a report, and a gush of smoke from one of the weapons, and Sir Derwent Varrel, shot through the heart, fell back dead.

"So perishes a thorough scoundrel," said Colonel Lomond, as he gazed into the face of his dead enemy.

Suddenly a door opened and showed a very old lady, with white hair, and clad in a white dressing-robe, standing in the entrance. From the movement of her hands you understood that she was blind, or nearly so.

"Henry! Henry! where are you?" she cried. "Some one fired a pistol just now. Oh, tell me that you are not hurt!" and she advanced a step or two into the room.

A spasm of anguish passed over the face of Colonel Lomond. "I am here and well, mother," he said. "Pray, return to your room. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

"And Lenore," said the old lady, plaintively, "why has not Lenore been to kiss me, and say good-night? Has the child gone to bed?"

"Lenore is asleep, mother," said the Colonel, in a whisper. "We must not disturb her. She shall come to you in the morning."

"Strange—strange," murmured the old lady; "she never forgot me before;" and with that she turned and went slowly away, groping with her hands before her; and the Colonel, falling on his knees, buried his face in the white dress of his dead daughter. At which point the whole machinery of my dream dissolved away, and I awoke.

There was no more sleep for me that night. So lifelike and vivid was my extraordinary dream, so much did it seem like a part of my own personal experience, that the effect left by it on my mind was not lightly to be shaken off. Lenore's wild cry as she flung herself into her father's arms, the voices of Varrel and Domond in angry dispute, seemed still to echo in my brain; and I felt that every minute incident of that terrible tragedy must henceforth be, as it were, a part of my own life. Impelled by some vague feeling which I could not resist, I quitted my bed-room, and went, dressed, half dressed, into the great desolate drawing-room, the scene of all the strange incidents in my dream. The ghostly splendor of the moonlight filled it no longer; it was as cold, dark, and silent as some vast tomb. As I stood in the doorway, longing, and yet afraid to enter, a gust of night-wind sweeping up the valley rattled the windows of the old mansion; and what seemed like a low, responsive sigh came to me out of the gloom, a sigh so unutterably sad that, with a shudder, I stepped backward and shut the door.

I was very glad when ten o'clock came, and brought Mr. Lomond, punctual to the minute. "It is only what I expected," he said, when I had given him an outline of my singular dream; and I may now tell you, sir, that precisely the same dream which impressed you so strongly last night is dreamed by every one, no matter who they may be, the first time they sleep at Gledhills, and never afterward; and this curse—for I may truly call it by that name—has hung over the house from the night on which the tragedy, which you witnessed last night only in imagination, was worked out in all its dismal reality within these walls. You will now understand why I requested you to sleep one night at Gledhills before finally deciding that you would take the house; and it remains for you to consider whether your wife, whose health you say is delicate, could undergo such an ordeal as she would assuredly have to pass through the first night of her sojourn under this roof."

I decided that she could not endure the trial, and gave up Gledhills.

NEW PORTRAIT OF VICTORIA.

THE miniature which her Majesty intends for presentation to Mr. Peabody has been entrusted for its execution to Messrs. Dickerson, and the drawing from which the enamel is to be taken is now on view at their rooms, New Bond Street, London. As a portrait this elegant work may be considered small, but the necessities of the art of enamelling may compel its being limited to a size something between the miniature and the ordinary chalk drawings of heads. The Queen is portrayed in her robes, and it is understood that more than usual care was to be taken that the likeness might be truthful. The face bears traces of long-continued grief; the lines are strongly marked round the mouth and under the eyes, but there is with this characteristic a soft and thoughtful expression, which the artist has been particularly happy in giving. The look and the roundness of maturity, with the firmly-set lips, are somewhat in contrast with the portrait of the Queen with which we are familiar. As a work of art this miniature is of the highest class, and well suited for transfer to enamel, in which difficult and effective style Mr. Tilt is about to execute it. Enamel has been selected on account of its imperishable qualities, in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Peabody, whose intention it is to place the portrait in an institution founded by him in his native town, Boston, United States.—*London Observer.*

THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.

A WOMAN has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilirating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirit of mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

THE PURE HEART.

THE springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the spheres of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloam, they "go swiftly." You must listen to catch the silvery tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty that gather round it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still, small voice," or heed the silent aspiration, but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the atmosphere.

NATURE is a bounteous storehouse laden with sweets and pleasures of all kinds. The dewdrops of the morning are her joyous tears; the flowers scattered grassy plains her carpeted playhouse. Thus in pleasant paths she leads us onward and upward in gratitude and love to the Divine Giver and Great Disposer, who has prepared for us a panorama so rich, so cheering [illegible]

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

THE MODEL LETTER.

ASSESSOR'S OFFICE, U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE,
THIRTEENTH COLLECTION DIS., STATE OF PA.,
BLOOMSBURG, March 2, 1866.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury:

SIR,—I inclose you a copy of my issue of this week. I have likewise addressed a copy to the President. You will see that the charge that I am opposing him is false.

IF I AM SUSTAINED BY YOURSELF AND THE PRESIDENT, if the patronage is not taken from us and given to those who oppose us, we shall be able to make our vigorous Union organization a unit, and TRIUMPHANTLY SUSTAIN THE ADMINISTRATION. Respectfully,

PALEMON JOHN,
Assessor Thirteenth District, Pa.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

WE published in our last number the call for a National Union Convention, to be held in Philadelphia on the fourteenth of August, with the endorsement of the same by members of Congress. The call is directed to all Union men in all the States and Territories, including the District of Columbia, and points to an organized and united effort for the complete restoration of the Union; the renewal of public prosperity; the security of the future; and the assertion and maintenance of constitutional principles regarding the representation of the States in the Federal Government. The principles and objects announced are unimpeachable and laudable, and it may be expected that the Convention will concentrate public sentiment, and give it practical direction, to the full accomplishment of reunion, and the restoration of harmony and prosperity throughout the Republic.

This Convention is not necessarily in antagonism with existing party organizations, though it may be viewed with jealousy or distrust by many party men. It may injure the trade of agitation, which is carried on by appeals to sectional passion, and which has given prominence to many unworthy men; but, on the other hand, it may improve statesmanship and reform party actions.

The Convention will doubtless recommend concert of action among Union men in the selection of members of Congress, so that the President shall have aid instead of opposition from the representatives of the people in his great work of restoration, and also the selection of members of State Legislatures who will be in accord with his policy. For the President now represents the principles of Unionism, and to uphold him is to uphold the Union, and render our country secure and prosperous.

The work of reorganizing loyal State governments, which was begun by President Lincoln, has been continued and consummated by President Johnson, who is now himself a tie or bond of connection between the North and the South, holding the sympathy and confidence of both sections, and able above all other men living, both by his position and character, to reunite and hold together in firm concord the people of the United States. But our Union must not rest upon a mere man, however patriotic or distinguished, but upon the accord of the States which compose it. The life of a President may be cut short by disease, or by assassination even (of which we have had one shocking example), but the Constitution of the United States is an instrument which may endure for ages as a bond and guarantee of Union among the States. Let us therefore restore that Constitution to its full operation in the States and in the Federal Government, as desired by the President and proposed by the distinguished men who have called the Philadelphia Convention. By that Constitution each State is to have two Senators and a number of Representatives proportioned to its population. These are to be allowed it if the fundamental law is to be kept, and when it selects them the only question which can arise is whether they are duly qualified under the provisions of the Constitution which fix the qualifications of Senators and Representatives. Of course a disloyal State, warring against the Federal Government, can have no representation in Congress, because the operation of the Constitution as to such State is suspended pending the conflict of arms. But no such case now exists. The operation of the Constitution is now complete throughout our whole country, and the powers of the Government are unopposed, and are exercised and felt in every part. Representation of all the States in Congress is therefore right and necessary, if the Constitution is to be respected and obeyed; and it is equally clear that it is expedient also. In this connection we extract the following very forcible observations from the *National Intelligencer* of July ninth:

The utter failure of the Congressional majority to present a better plan of restoration than that begun by President Lincoln and successfully prosecuted by President Johnson; the failure of Congress, in fact, to present *any* practicable plan for the completion of the restoration of the Union by the admission of the Southern States to representation in that body, has attracted the attention of the whole country to this subject, as the one, greatest, most important political problem of the hour. It is as plain to the Northern manufacturer as to the Western grain-grower and Southern planter that the progress of the material interests of the whole country must remain greatly impeded until there shall be a full and complete restoration of the Union. It is equally as plain that this consummation, devoutedly to be wished, cannot be attained until the now excluded Southern States shall have been received into full fellowship, by the admission of their Senators and Representatives in Congress. This is the sign of a restored Union, for which the people of the whole country are anxiously awaiting. Millions of unoccupied capital in the North and abroad are now awaiting this result to seek permanent investment in the South. Within a few months after this sign shall have been given, the desolated lands of the Southern States shall again resound with the hum of industry, trade will resume its wontest activity, manufacturers will be assured of a sufficient market for their wares, and the holders of our public securities will have received a guarantee that the exportation of Southern products will enable the Government to pay promptly in coin all the interests of its gold-bearing bonds.

It is apparent that the financial, commercial, and industrial interests of the whole country are directly and immensely interested in the complete and immediate practical restoration of the Union, by the recognition of the Southern representatives in Congress. While all these great public interests, reaching to every city, town, hamlet, farm-house, and work-shop in the land, are thus vitally concerned, only a miserable faction of Radical politicians, for purely partisan purposes, either desires or expects benefit from a postponement of this restoration. Unfortunately for the country, this faction has obtained control of Congress as at present organized, and without even a shadow of right, is unscrupulously employing the power of a numerical majority in that body to postpone, if not to frustrate, what the whole people so much need.

"BRADFORD COUNTY."

AN article under the above heading appeared some weeks since in the editorial columns of the Pittsburg *Gazette*, prompted evidently by a desire on the part of the editor to cast odium upon the National Administration by assailing individuals in this section who support it. The article in question would hardly have deserved notice here had it not been copied into the columns of the Bradford *Reporter* and *Wyoming Republican*, anti-Johnson Republican papers of this district. Mr. Tracy, of Bradford, is particularly assailed, because of his support of the President, and in assailing him the editor seems to have thought it necessary to weaken, as far as possible, his position and influence, by the fabrication of the most unfounded and untruthful representations in regard to his political history, and the history of political affairs in this district. The admission that "Mr. Tracy is a gentleman of excellent social position and character," and that "he followed the fortunes of the Whig party until it was dissolved," are about the only truths contained in the article. He was an ardent adherent of the principles of the Whig party, and up to the time of its dissolution enjoyed the confidence of the party of his county and district to as full an extent as any man in it; and although largely in the minority, he accepted the nomination tendered by the Whigs for State Senator, and ran considerably ahead of the party vote, and approached nearer to an election than was usual for candidates of the Whigs of those times in his district.

When the dissolution of the Whig party came, in the Fall of 1855, it was through the action and influence of Mr. Tracy, more than to any other member of that party in Bradford, that the almost entire vote of the Whig party of this county was brought into the Republican organization; not a hundred stood aloof, and from this grew up the great Republican majority in Bradford. Instead of a nomination for the "Legislature for two years" being conferred upon Mr. Tracy to "appease his disquietude," as the *Gazette* asserts, his nomination grew out of the facts above referred to; his position and influence as a political leader in the Whig party, and two successive nominations by acclamation, were given him without a dissenting voice. In the election canvass that followed, the question of the repeal of the tonnage tax, through the instrumentality of George Landon, became a subject of discussion. Mr. Landon having occupied a seat in the Senate one session, had become convinced that the use of improper influences was contemplated to bring about the repeal of that tax at the approaching session, and under the inspiration of honest impulses, warned the people from the stump that their rights were in danger, and that the State Treasury was about to be plundered through corrupt influences, which would be brought to bear in manipulating the Legislature by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to effect the repeal of the tonnage tax. Mr. Tracy was sent to the Legislature pledged against the repeal, the public mind of his county was thoroughly aroused in opposition to it; he acted as a member of the Lower House in strictest conformity with the will of his constituents. But alas! how was it with George Landon in the Senate? He violated every obligation of a representative, and supported the very measure he had so vehemently denounced, and returned home and announced himself as a candidate for nomination for Congress in the Fall of 1862, and challenged Mr. Tracy to a discussion on the stump of the merits of their action in reference to the repeal of the tonnage tax. Mr. Tracy also became a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress. The Democrats of the district, as a party, opposed the repeal of the tax, and very naturally opposed Mr. Landon and sympathized with Mr. Tracy upon this question. The war being then in active progress, Mr. Landon made use of the war spirit to arouse political prejudice against Mr. Tracy, by arraigning the Democrats as opposed to the war policy of Mr. Lincoln, and misrepresenting Mr. Tracy as standing in an equivocal political position because of their sympathy with him, and finally managed, when the Convention of Bradford County came off, to get the Convention by a majority of one, unfairly obtained, to declare him nominated. This caused a square split, and the Republican friends of Mr. Tracy's position upon the tonnage tax called a separate convention and nominated him. Mr. Landon continued upon the ticket until within about ten days of the election, when, seeing the evidences of an overwhelming defeat before him, he withdrew, and a more unobjectionable candidate, in the person of R. F. Clark, Esq., was substituted. Mr. Tracy was elected by a majority of eighteen hundred votes. The *Gazette* says: "Mr. Tracy raised a clamor on Mr. Landon on account of that vote (the repeal of the tonnage tax), and announced himself as an independent candidate. Mr. Landon, two or three weeks before the election, withdrew, and the canvass resulted in Mr. Tracy's election." It would not answer the purpose of the *Gazette* so well to tell the truth, as to convey the false impression that Mr. Tracy had a clean field after the withdrawal of Mr. Landon, and was elected without opposition.

Mr. Tracy's record as a member of the Thirty-eighth Congress is before the country, and we believe no one will pretend to deny that it reflects great credit upon him as a man of integrity, correct judgment, and discrimination in dealing with questions presented for the action of Congress during his term. The *Gazette* falsely says: "Two years ago Mr. Tracy was again an independent candidate, with Democratic support. He was beaten out of sight by Mr. Ulysses Mercur, who will doubtless be re-elected next Fall." So far from this being true, Mr. Tracy, on the contrary, wrote a letter declining to be a candidate, giving as a reason his desire to see the party united for the purpose sustaining the Administration of Mr. Lincoln in the prosecution of the war in suppressing the Rebellion. His letter was published to the country at that time, and Mr. Tracy's most ardent friends became the most active supporters of Mr. Mercur; and to this fact Mr. Mercur, beyond doubt, owes his election, but it would not answer the purpose of the *Gazette* to state the facts. How it will be in reference to *Mr. Mercur's re-election next Fall* can better be told after election; certain it is, had Mr. Tracy and his friends supposed that Mr. Mercur, immediately upon taking his seat in the Thirty-ninth Congress, would array himself against the principles and policy of Mr. Lincoln, upon which he was elected, and become the bitter opponent of Mr. Johnson, upon whom has fallen the duty of administering the Government in accordance with that policy, they would have hesitated long before giving him their earnest and effective support.

As to the fling at the COLUMBIAN by the *Gazette* it is neither material nor true. It is not an organ of party nor of any public man. The *Gazette* knows very well, however, that the COLUMBIAN is, so far as it participates in pending political discussions, the advocate of the principles and policy of the great National Union party, as enunciated by the National Convention at Baltimore in 1864, in the nomination of Lincoln and Johnson, and which are being carried out by President Johnson. It is for adherence to these principles, and an independent and fearless defence of the President, that the COLUMBIAN as well as Mr. Tracy are arraigned by the *Gazette*. But the mere statement of this fact is a sure vindication of both.

R.

FIRE-EATERS WANTED IN WASHINGTON.

THERE are a number of Southern Fire-eaters of the blood-and-thunder order scattered over the seceded States. Since the close of the war they have been out of employment, and are consequently seedy, thirsty, and hard-up. While the Rebellion lasted they seldom or never showed themselves at the front; but there was plenty of occupation for them in the rear, where they hung Union men, confiscated cotton, robbed and persecuted women and children, whipped and flayed negroes, enjoyed themselves hugely, and lived upon the fat of the land and the best in the market. The contrast between this happiness and their present forlorn condition is deplorable. They dare not interfere with the negroes, except in remote corners of the South, where United States officials do not yet appear, and they cannot even get up a decent fight, except among themselves, as in the recent case of the Pollards in Richmond. Poor, moody, out at elbows, out of liquors, and out of business, these Fire-eaters do not know what to do with themselves.

Let us give them a bit of practical advice. They are wanted in Washington, and can make money there without having to earn it by hard work—to which no true Fire-eater would condescend. At Washington there are a lot of Radical Congressmen, all anxious for a renomination, and all extremely doubtful about their chances of getting it. They feel that nothing will save them from oblivion except some stirring excitement that shall make martyrs of them, and cause an outburst of popular sympathy in their favor. For a good flogging, a trifling and not very painful stab or a pistol shot, aimed at some portion of their anatomy, not necessarily vital, they will pay roundly. If the attack upon them could be made by a notorious Southerner, and were performed in public and accompanied by the phrase, "Let me kill this great Union patriot," or words to that effect, five hundred dollars would not be too much for the job. Ben Wade tried this dodge some time ago, by representing that a visitor who came to ask him a political favor was an assassin, determined to deprive the Union of the services of the immortal Wade. This worked very well for a while, until somebody exposed it. In the absence of any Fire-eaters Grinnell got himself caned by General Rousseau; but unfortunately he timed the affair wrongly, and another man was being nominated in Iowa at about the time Grinnell was being flogged in Washington. Still, all the country papers said that Grinnell would have been renominated had the intelligence reached Iowa soon enough. Instead of insulting our brave generals, let the Radical Congressmen employ regular Fire-eaters to make martyrs of them, and they can be flogged at any moment they like, and thus secure their renominations.—*New York Herald.*

THE distributors of the large estate of the late Samuel Colt began last Tuesday, in Hartford, the work of apportioning the property under the terms of the will. The estate, real and personal, probably amounts to between three and four millions, and includes large tracts of land with gold, silver, and quicksilver mines.

EUROPE.

Severe and Active Fighting in Bohemia.

The Battles of Skalitz and Oswienten.

The Cracow and Vienna Railroad Almost Destroyed by the Prussians.

AUSTRIAN COMMUNICATION WITH GALICIA INTERRUPTED.

THE BATTLE OF CUSTOZZA

Neutral Proclamation of England.

ONE DAY LATER NEWS.

THE steamship *Saint David*, from Liverpool, twenty-fifth, passed Father Point at half-past ten o'clock on Wednesday night, on her voyage to Quebec. Her news is one day later.

Hostilities between the Austrians and Prussians had commenced.

There was a desperate battle in Bohemia on the twenty-seventh of June.

A Prussian telegram, dated Nachod, says: An important battle, in which cavalry and artillery were principally engaged, has been in progress to-day. The Austrians were driven back from near Skalitz to Jaromirz. Three flags and many prisoners were taken. The loss on either side is unknown.

A Breslau telegram says: The first Prussian army corps attacked the enemy at Frankenau. The Austrian were driven back in the direction of Josephstadt. After the battle a Prussian major proceeded to the quarters of Marshal Benedek, under a flag of truce, to solicit an armistice, and the demand was refused.

A Cracow (Austrian) dispatch of the evening of the eighteenth of June says: This morning the Prussians made a fresh attack upon Oswienten, when they were repulsed with heavy loss.

The Prussians destroyed the Cracow and Vienna Railroad, seriously interrupting the Austrian communications with Galicia.

The Italian losses in the recent battle were great, but the Austrian losses were believed to be still greater. Toward nightfall the Italians and Austrians retired from their respective positions.

The King of Italy has addressed a dispatch to the President of the Council, which says the battle was neither won nor lost. "I have ordered a concentration of all our forces to resume the campaign. Our army is in excellent condition, and anxious to be led to battle."

The Committee on Affairs common to Hungary assume a portion of the Austrian State debt; that loans and commercial questions be treated in common, by means of special treaties.

The London *Times* says the German Zollverein has ceased to exist, but duties continued to be levied by the governments where foreign goods are landed.

The Paris *Patrie* has reason to believe that no arrangements are being made for the purpose of sending French squadrons of observation to the Adriatic or the North Sea.

A proclamation of England's neutrality in Continental affairs has been published in London.

GENERAL PRESS DISPATCHES.

From Washington.

RADICAL leaders here betray more anxiety in regard to the Philadelphia Convention than they dare admit. It is said they will endeavor to defeat the objects of the convention by manipulating Southern wires through such instruments as Hamilton, of Texas, Brownlow, of Tennessee, Holden, of North Carolina, and others, to secure a Southern delegation to the convention of the most ultra Southern Rights fire-eating malcontents, in order that, if possible, a row can be created. They argue that the reception of such delegates will destroy the influence of the convention in the North, while their rejection will be equally damaging to the new party in the South. The game will certainly be attempted, but will be met by counter action on the part of the Conservatives to secure moderate representatives from all the Southern States, failing in which they will boldly close the door against any others.

It may be stated positively that General Grant will accept a nomination for the Presidency for the next term from no party or faction whatever. His nomination would be equivalent to an election, and his election would necessarily lead to his retirement from public life at the end of his term of office. He considers himself yet too young to withdraw into retirement; and while he unquestionably has aspirations for Presidential honors with which to crown his illustrious career, he feels confident that he can enjoy such honors eight or twelve or more years hence as readily as now. These ideas have recently been expressed by him to his most intimate personal friends, and are unquestionably the ideas that will control him, notwithstanding the powerful influences now being used to win his consent to accept a nomination.

A noteworthy remark occurs in a recent "Occasional" letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, which, in view of its authorship, is considered somewhat significant. Forney says, in reference to the determination of the President to make a clean sweep of the Radicals from office on the adjournment of Congress, that the "Union men in Congress will, however, not leave Washington without taking such steps as will at least keep the people advised of the doings of the pro-slavery tyrants." The remark is construed as foreshadowing a design, which has already been rumored, for Congress through its Radical majority to appoint a joint committee to remain here during the recess to watch the President's movements, such committee to be clothed with all the power that can be conferred upon it. It was at one time proposed to give this committee power to revoke all Executive appointments; but the power of Congress to delegate such authority or confer it upon a committee was denied by the wiser heads. It is evident that now they are studying to find what powers they can confer, and intend to put as many and great obstacles in the President's way as possible. The day of adjournment will be quickly set when this more important matter is determined.

The statue of Washington, removed from the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Virginia, by General Hunter, on his raid up the valley of Virginia, has passed through Alexandria by express on its way to that place, an order having been issued for its restoration.

Southern papers exhibit a very general disposition on the part of the people to respond to the address for the Philadelphia Convention. State and district conventions to nominate delegates have been called in Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina.

Orders from the War Department direct the muster out of thirteen aides-de-camp, five additional aides-de-camp, and thirteen assistant adjutant-generals.

Alterations are now in progress in the White House which will enable the President and his Secretaries to transact business with greater facility and with more comfort to the numerous visitors. A large ante-room for visitors is among the conveniences being provided, where those who have business with the President may be comfortably seated while in waiting for an audience. If Congress will now pass the Executive Household Bill, and thus provide the necessary clerical force, matters can be conducted much more satisfactorily to the President and the public.

Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister, on the eleventh instant, received official dispatches from El Paso, informing him that on the tenth ultimo President Juarez, his Cabinet, and the Government left El Paso for Chihuahua. Letters from the City of Durango, of June fifth, received here by the last steamer from Vera Cruz, state that the French troops in that city were under orders to march against Chihuahua, and that two thousand men had already left, and were at that time at Lazarca. Letters from the City of Mexico state that General Bazine was concentrating all the available French troops in San Luis Potosi, to open a new and vigorous campaign against the Mexicans.

The Senate on the tenth instant rejected the nomination of Sloanaker, as Collector of the First District of Pennsylvania. It is proable now that the President will nominate the present incumbent, Colonel Taggart, who has a very creditable military record.

The Rebel Salisbury prison-keeper, John H. Gee, who, for the last four months, has been on trial before the court-martial at Raleigh, North Carolina, for alleged cruelty to Union prisoners at Salisbury, was, on Thursday of last week, released from arrest by order of the War Department, the Court having acquitted him. The above trial will cost the Government about twenty-five thousand dollars.

Secretary Stanton has reinstated all the soldiers, twenty in number, recently discharged from the Ordinance Office.

The National Union Convention is exciting deep interest in political circles, and it is said that the Union State Convention to be held by the friends of President Johnson at Indianapolis, July nineteenth, will be the first Western State Convention to appoint delegates.

The notorious John S. Mosby, who was during the Rebellion the terror of the country hereabouts, is now a sojourner in the City of Washington, and quietly walking about the Capitol, the observed of the curious. Mosby is a quiet, tame-looking individual, and has not the slightest appearance of a bugaboo, or one who would try to frighten anybody.

The President has nominated to the Senate D. H. Winfield, a soldier of the late war, to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fourth District of New Jersey vice Eugene Ayres.

The voting at the Orphans' Fair, for presents to those receiving the highest number of votes each one paid for, was quite spirited. Major-General Howard received the sword, having one thousand three hundred and sixty-five votes, while General C. H. Thomas had one thousand two hundred and five. Mr. Doolittle received the Senator's cane, having four thousand five hundred and thirty votes, while Mr. Harris had one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. Cornelius Wendell received the most votes on the citizens' silver tea-set.

There was a meeting of those disposed to send relief to Portland at the City Hall on the eleventh instant, Mayor Wallach presiding. A committee was appointed to make collections, and over two thousand dollars was subscribed before the close of the meeting.

AFFAIRS IN MISSISSIPPI.

WE make the following extract from a private letter to the senior editor of the *Country Gentleman*, dated Chatawa Station, Mississippi, May seventeenth: "I am about ninety miles from New Orleans, and about ninety miles from Jackson, Mississippi, have a nice, quiet 'piney woods' home, not the rich lands I once had, nor the comforts and luxuries I had spent an arduous life of thirty-three years in collecting. Reared in the City of Columbia, S. C., with never any necessity for labor, raised, it may be said, delicately, but fortunately for me, by a rigid disciplinarian, at sixty I am forced to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, working daily and writing nightly. You may not be able to realize how we could be so broken up; once we could order supplies by the thousand dollars, and our wives made dry goods accounts of one thousand dollars, and now not able to buy meat. But, my dear sir, so it is, I assure you; I have kept house one week without a piece of meat or a particle of grease of any kind. I have been a month without a grain of corn. I lost everything, so to say. My lands I sold, but have not received one dollar. I saved thirteen Devon cows, two bulls, and eleven calves; but no food and high water has reduced me to seven cows and two bulls. I had no idea how poor people got along—what they had to endure. I made my property, but never was purse proud, and always ready to relieve. No one seems able or willing to pay—I have enough due me to make me comfortable. I have had a hard time to get food. I lost all my clothing, all household and kitchen furniture; got my working men and women, twelve mules and two wagons, my mares thirteen, stallions, imported Jack, and fifty-four blooded cows and bulls; spent thirty thousand dollars taking care of my negroes, made nothing and lost all—except the cows I brought here, and four mules. But, my dear sir, I take it very philosophically. I have accepted what I could not help, for it is true, I would have whipped Uncle Sam out of his boots; but I could not, and he has not only whipped me, but brought me to poverty, and when I tell him I accept the issue, and show him I am earnest, by working as hard as I once required my negro, he will not believe me! Well, I cannot compel the old gentleman to believe me, so I work on and think no more about it. The only thing that worries me is, we have been known the world over as a hospitable and gentlemanly people—a people of high-toned, if anything over-wrought chivalrous feelings—yet we are accused as condescending to be brutal, man-slayers, murderers; that a negro is unsafe even passing by our doors, and a Northern man had as well enter a lion's den or the fiery furnace. How under the sun the intelligent men of the North can credit such lying scribblers is a mystery to me. This night I took tea with a man who avers he was a Northern soldier for some three or four years. He makes no disguise of it, and yet no one dares to molest him—dares! I say, because Southern honor is at stake. He may shoot down a foe on the field of battle, but the war being over, he is our guest.

"If my life is worth a bawbee, I would pledge it that a Northern man may pass through this country, and avow he had been engaged in killing our men in honorable warfare; he may go on foot, on horseback, any way, by night or by day, and he will be safer than passing through the streets of New York City, especially if he had largely of cash about him. I will not say there are no dastards, scoundrels, thieves, etc., in Mississippi, in the South, but I do say the large mass of the very people who were eager for the fray, who were acting men, and honestly gave up their opinions, are this day as quiet citizens as you have. True, we may feel and say it was savage to burn our houses, destroy our property, but there is no cry of vengeance. The fact is, we have drawn off our coats and gone to work, and determined not to remain poor. We intend to pitch into dame Fortune and wrest from her some of her dimes.

"I am going to try for an orchard and farm it, to carve out a bran new fortune. I have now several thousand seedling peach and a few thousand rooted quince and a few thousand cuttings, which I intend to bud this season. I have one woman, and a boy of sixteen, not left me. The negroes who were in my days of fortune treated best, were the first to leave me to work or starve. With these two, to wash, cook, milk cows, etc., about the house, I have now a good garden, planted about three acres of melons, set out about one thousand trees, and my nursery, with some two thousand grapes. So you see, though sixty, and badly laid up with the rheumatism, I have worked. If I could get pear and apple stocks I could in two years sell enough trees to support me and pay all expenses, reserving as many trees as I could plant well."

DECLINE OF RADICALISM.

ONE by one the Radical members of Congress are being repudiated by the nominating conventions of their party. Rice, of Maine, has been dropped; Morrill, of Vermont, has refused to allow his name to go before the people for renomination; Grinnell and Kasson have been defeated; and Hill has been shelved along with his Radical associates. In our State the indications are that Radicalism will soon be at a ruinous discount. Stevens may hold Lancaster, but in other districts the contest will be fierce and determined against the present Radical members. Kelly, and O'Neill, and Myers, and Thayer, will have to face constituencies outraged by the manner in which they have subordinated the real interests of the country to negro equality and partisan aspirations. The business of Philadelphia has been terribly disturbed and shattered by the war and events growing out of the same. Our commercial rivals are taking advantage of circumstances to press us still further in the wrong direction, and our Radical representatives have, by their votes, aided in keeping trade and commerce from our city. They have followed the mad and heady current of Radical malice, and opposed all measures calculated to reunite the sections, and allow Philadelphia to occupy her old place among the business marts of the nation. The votes of the men named have stood in the way of all efforts to benefit the trade of this city. They proclaimed by their action that Philadelphia is against holding any intercourse with the people of the Southern States, and these men wonder why all the trade of that section is not poured into the laps of our merchants. They are learning now what it costs to uphold and support the Radical party, and if the present Radical members be re-elected, they will receive another lesson. Philadelphia should be represented by national men, and if the merchants and men of business study their own welfare and that of the city, they will choose at the coming election.—*Age.*

"I KNOW you have tenderness," wrote Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and nothing was ever more beautifully said—"you must have it; it is the very emenation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest."

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY.

THE following letter was written by Secretary Seward in answer to an invitation of the Tammany Society:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, June 20, 1866.

To the Hon. John T. Hoffman, City Hall, New York:

SIR,—I have had the honor to receive the invitation of the Tammany Society for the celebration of the approaching Fourth of July.

I am highly pleased with the form of invitation. I like the motto which is placed at its head—"The Union must and shall be preserved." I like the vignette which illustrates it. I like the associated hues with which it is colored, namely, the red, white, and blue. I like the temple of liberty based upon the rock of the Constitution, and protected by the eagle of the American continent. I like the ships and railroads, indicative of prosperity and progress. I like the significant conjunction of dates, 1776 and 1866—a period of ninety years. Why, in looking at those figures, we almost feel assured that our Republic has a life of at least one century. Alas! how many Republics have been shorter lived! I would have had the flag of the Union, which is on the right, present in its azure field only the thirteen original States; but I especially delight in the flag which is on the left hand, and in whose enlarged field twenty-three stars are blazing which have come out from the deep cerulean within the past ninety years, while the original thirteen States yet remain in their ancient place, all their morning lustre undiminished.

I have had some differences in my time with the Tammany Society, but I long ago forgot them all, when I recalled the fact that the Society has never once failed to observe and honor the anniversary of National Independence; and the further fact that during the recent civil war the Tammany Society sent its sons to fight for the Union, and with unswerving fidelity, heartily supported the Federal Government in its struggles with sedition. In view of these facts, and of the noble principles now avowed, I hail the Tammany Society as a true Union League.

I rejoice with the Society that the conflict of arms has ceased; that the authority of the Government has been vindicated, and that the flag of the Union now floats triumphantly over every foot of the national domain. On the other hand, I mourn with the Society that the perfect Union given to us by our patriotic forefathers has not yet been entirely restored; that eleven sovereign States are denied representation in the Federal Congress, and are not recognized as co-ordinate parts in the National Legislature. How strange all this! We have killed disunion outright, and have killed African slavery with it, and yet we are not completely reunited.

If I did not feel assured that the American people cannot suffer so great and fatal a solecism to continue, I should say, as many others do, that we are at a crisis. But I have unbounded confidence in the wisdom and virtue of the American people. It is said in excuse of the denial of representation that the States and their chosen Representatives still continue to be seditious and disloyal. I ask, is Tennessee disloyal? Is Arkansas seditious? Are the Senators and Representatives of those States disloyal? I desire, in this respect, that each of the two Houses of Congress will apply the Constitutional test, with all the improvements of legislation upon it, and thus admit those States and Representatives who are loyal, and reject only those against whom the crime of disloyalty shall be established.

I believe, with the Tammany Society, that the Union was created to be perpetual; that the States are equal to the Constitution; that the restoration of the Union by the recent war ought to be acknowledged and recognized by all the departments of the Federal Government; that a spirit of magnanimity and fraternity should prevail in all our councils, and that the South, having accepted of the lessons of the war, and relinquished the heresies of secession, should, just so far and so fast as she comes in the attitude of loyalty, and in the persons of loyal and qualified representatives, be admitted to her constitutional representation.

I want, henceforth and forever, no North, no South, no East, no West, no divisions, and no sections, and no classes; but one united and harmonious people.

It will be impossible for me to attend the celebration personally. What I have written I trust will satisfy the Society that, in spirit, I shall always be with them when they shall be engaged in renewing and fortifying the National Union.

I have the honor to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

FORNEY'S LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I have been in this city for two days, and now write under an impulse which I cannot restrain, because I feel it to be for your own good and that of the country. I take it for granted that you are resolved not to be unmindful of your own fame, and that you will not allow your friends who heartily sustain your policy, to feel that they are without your aid and encouragement. Whether you are a candidate for President or not, and if you are not I shall be greatly surprised with the wonderful favor that has crowned your restoration policy, you should not allow the great offices to go to indifferent men, or those clearly in the interests of your foes. I need not repeat to you that I am now, as ever, for twenty years shown in my writings, and since your great act of patriotism in 1860 especially, your open and avowed friend. Where I am to-day my two newspapers, both daily, show to the world. Hence, in what I now say, I speak no idle words, but mean all I say. The Collector's office in New York City is a post that you should dispose of outside of all the politicians; not, I mean, to defy them, but to select your own man, who should be free only to help you and serve the Government—one they could neither attack nor use. Such a man is * * * of this city. He was elected to Congress in * * * as a Democrat, but, *like you*, refused to follow the party into treason. He served a short time with great distinction, and resigned on account of ill-health. He was a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, and won great applause. He is a very able man, educated to finance, intensely national, honest and independent, and could furnish millions of security. He has an organizing mind, would make you a party or fight your battles single-handed. He is an Andrew Johnson Democrat, in short. I write in the knowledge that he would accept, and that his appointment would be hailed with joy by this whole community. Yours, truly,

J. W. FORNEY.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

National Union State Central Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, June, 19, 1866.

THE STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE of the NATIONAL UNION PARTY for the State of Pennsylvania will meet at the WASHINGTON HOUSE, Philadelphia, on THURSDAY, July nineteenth instant, at twelve o'clock.

Members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, and prepared to report their county organizations.

J. R. FLANIGEN, Chairman.

HARVESTING has already commenced. The prospect of good crops is favorable.

THE Raspberry Festival at Snyder's Hall has been very well patronized. To-night is the last chance of furthering the worthy object for which it is held.

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK & Co., dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank), Philadelphia.

E. W. WYNKOOP AND Co. will commence their next term of graded school on Third Street, July thirtieth. This school has been in operation for several years, and has proved very sucessful.

MRS. SNYDER, of Bethelem, an elderly lady, on a visit to the family of Mr. Freas Brown of this place, met with a serious accident on Wednesday morning. In attempting to get into the hall, she opened by mistake the cellar door, and in stepping forward, lost her foothold, and fell down the steps, breaking her left arm and dislocating the wrist and elbow.

A SHOCKING accident accurred to an employe of the Catawissa Railroad, at Rupert, named James Hoppler, on Thursday morning. He was riding on a freight car which, by some mishap, was thrown from the track. In attempting to jump to another car he was precipitated to the ground, striking on the back of his head, from the effects of which he died in about four hours. He was a resident of Milton, this State.

BASE BALL.—The following is the score of the match game of base ball played between the Agile Club, of Danville, and the Continental Club, of this place, on the ground of the latter, on last Saturday:

AGILE.	O.	R.	CONTINENTAL.	O.	R.
M. C. Lightner, c.	2	5	C. Unangst, 1st b.	1	4
J. C. Hunter, p.	4	2	C. Furman, c.	1	3
William Russel, s. s.	3	5	E. Furman, p.	1	4
F. Miles, 1st b.	1	4	E. Elwell, 3d b.	2	4
S. C. Phillips, 2d b.	1	7	W. S. Moyer, l. f.	2	2
C. Voris, 3d b.	5	2	C. W. Neal, s. s.	1	3
J. Reed, l. f.	1	3	H. C. Hartman, 2d b.	2	4
S. Butler, c. f.	4	2	George Dieid, c. f.	1	4
C. Leidy, r. f.	3	4	J. W. Eyer, r. f.	1	4
	27	34	Total	27	34

INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
Agile	1	0	6	5	6	1	4	8	0	0—31
Con't	1	4	0	2	1	5	6	0	4	0—36

Umpire—Mr. J. B. Smith, of the Kingston Club, during the first inning of the Continental, but relieved by Mr. C. B. Brockway, by reason of an accident.

Scorers—Mr. J. Reynolds for the Agile, and D. J. Waller, Jr., for the Continental.

Passed balls—9.
Struck out—1.
Fly catches—18.
Put out on foul balls—14.
Left on bases—15.
Time of game—2 hours and 25 minutes.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Boston *Advertiser* calls Wendell Phillips "The Moral Bully."

IT has been decided in Hartford, Connecticut, that it is legal for barbers to carry on their business on Sunday.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN has been in Prague and Dresden, watching the gathering of the armies, and calling upon Benedek.

THERE is in every good man's heart sublime strength rnd purity of attachment which he never dess feel any other woman except his mother.

FIFTEEN thousand negroes have died of cholera in Guadaloupe, and the sugar crop will probably be short for want of hands to gather it.

A CALL appears in the Macon *Telegraph* for a convention of cotton planters to consider the system of free labor and other subjects of interest.

A CLYDE widower, with seven children, was recently married to a Rochester widow with five. Both parties were ignorant of the other's having children.

THE United States District Grand Jury have found eight indictments against Charles Rumsey, of Salem, New Jersey, a prominent merchant, for false returns and perjury.

THE son of Henry G. Gunn, of Mississippi, ran off two weeks ago with his father's second wife. The young "son of a gun" has not been heard from since.

THE *Army and Navy Journal* says: We have reason to believe that a certain torpedo, of novel construction and great power, is likely to play an important part in the event of a general European war.

BROOKLYN, New York, has a Mayor who is one of a thousand. The City Council having passed a resolution to raise his salary from three to five thousand dollars, the Mayor—the Hon. Samuel M. Booth—has vetoed it!

THE *Journal of Medicine* recommends as a cure for felons that as soon as the parts begin to swell, cloth, saturated with the tincture of lobelia, should be wrapped around them. This kills the felon, and is said never to fail if applied in season.

TO PURIFY WATER.—Pounded alum possesses the quality of purifying water, and a teaspoonful of it thrown into a pailful of turpid or muddy water will precipitate the impurities to the bottom, leaving the water clear, and all the better for drinking purposes on account of the alum.

A TELEGRAM from Mobile announces that an Austrian officer has arrived at that city empowered to offer positions in the Austrian army to ex-Confederates. It is thought that quite a number will avail themselves of the opportunity to again plunge into the exciting scenes of war.

THE receipts from customs at the several Southern ports last month were unusually large, those at New Orleans alone amounting to about two millions. The total receipts from this source when all ports are heard from, will amount, it is estimated, to nearly forty-seven millions in gold.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM GRANT, of the *Young Mechanic*, has been admitted to bail in thirty thousand dollars on the charge of burning his ship at sea. His trial is to take place in September.

PENALTY FOR BITING OFF A NOSE.—The Philadelphia papers state that on Saturday last Charles Dean, convicted of biting off the nose of officer Hart, of the Seventh Police District, was sentenced in the Court of Quarter Sessions to a fine of one hundred dollars and an imprisonment of four years! Dear bite, that.

ONE of our exchanges gleans from its exchanges that during the past two weeks Abraham Lincoln was shot in a row in New York, George Washington detected as a chicken thief in Boston, Andrew Jackson whipped his wife in Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin robbed a bank in New Hampshire, and George B. McClellan died of the measles in New Jersey.

A ST. PAUL paper publishes some facts which indicate that the cattle disease is raging among the buffalo on the northwestern prairies, numbers of those a ninnals having been found dead, with no marks to account for the cause of their death. Many cattle have also been attacked, and died, at Pembina, with what is supposed to be a disease identical with that now spreading through Europe.

FORNEY signs the call for a Garrison Testimonial Fund. In 1855 he said: "Abolitionism marks its career not only by forcible resistance to the statutes of Congress, but is filling Christian denominations with discord and unhappiness, by giving prominence to infidels like Garrison, and to traitors like Wendell Phillips." These "infidels" and "traitors" Forney now embraces with affectionate regard; but "infidel" or "traitor," neither Mr. Garrison nor Mr. Phillips would permit the political chameleon to come into his presence.

Market Report.

Wheat per bushel	$2 00
Rye "	1 70
Corn "	1 10
Buckwheat	1 00
Flour per barrel	11 00
Cloverseed	5 50
Flaxseed	3 00
Buckwheat Flour	5 00
Butter	27
Lard	25
Poultry	2 00
Dried Apples	3 00
Hams	22
Bacon	16
Hay per ton	15 00
Lard per pound	25

MARRIED.

In Bloomsburg, on July the fifth, by Rev. S. C. Swallow, SYLVANUS P. HAWLY, of Helena, Arkansas, to DORA WOODEN, of Berwick, Pa.

In Catawissa, on the eighth instant, by the same, PETER MOURIE, to MARY PERRY, both of Locust Township.

In Bloomsburg, on the Fourth of July, at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. Thomas H. Cullen, WILLIAM F. BODINE to CALLIE M. KNAPP, both of Bloomsburg.

On the third instant, by the Rev. J. R. Dimm, ROBERT GILLASPY, of Buckhorn, to HARRIET GIRTON, of Bloomsburg.

In Town Hill, on the Fourth of July, by Rev. E. Wadsworth, WILLIAM J. SEAWARD, of Fairmount, Luzerne County, to MARY E. PRIEST, of Sugarloaf, Columbia County.

DIED.

In Light Street, on the second instant, JAMES H. PULLIN, aged 3 years and 6 months.

In Bloomsburg, on the ninth instant, MARY AMANDA BROBST, aged 8 years, 7 weeks, and 4 days.

E. H. Little,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, in white frame house, below the Exchange Hotel.

Robert F. Clark,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office corner of Main and Market Streets, over First National Bank.

John G. Freeze,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House.

Wesley Wirt,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

C. B. Brockway,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, first door west of the Court House.

Charles C. Barkley,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

William H. Abbott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.

M. E. Jackson,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Pa.

M. M. Traugh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Near American Hotel.

M. M L'Velle,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centreville, Columbia County, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.—Estate of Reuben Hess, deceased. Letters of Administration having been granted to the subscriber upon the estate of Reuben Hess, late of Fishing Creek Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, all persons indebted to the same will make payment, and those having claims present them.

ALFRED T. CREVELING, Adm'r.

FISHING CREEK TOWNSHIP, }
VAN CAMP P. O., June 11, 1866. }

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One copy for one year, $4 00. An extra copy, gratis, for every Club of five subscribers, at $3 00 each, or six copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

CIRCULATION 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One copy one year	$4 00
One copy for three months	1 00

And an extra copy will be allowed for every club of five subscribers, at $3 00 each, or six copies for $20 00. Payment invariably in advance.

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	1 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—One dollar and fifty cents per line for inside, two dollars per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

THE ONLY PLACE
to get the best
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Is at HUNSBERGER'S,
a few doors below the American House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

He has the largest and most select of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO
ever offered to the citizens of Bloomsburg. All the fancy brands of
SEGARS,
and the best Fine-cut and Plug
CHEWING TOBACCO,
can be had at his counters.
TOBACCO PIPES
in great variety are among his large stock.
DON'T FORGET TO CALL.
H. H. HUNSBERGER.

LETTING.—SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Board of School Directors of Scott Township, at Charles S. Fowler's office, at Espy, on SATURDAY, JULY FOURTEENTH, 1866, between the hours of two and four o'clock, for the building of a new Two-Story Frame School-House, 28x36 feet, stories 11 feet each. Plan and specifications will be exhibited at the place and time of letting.

JACOB TERWILLIGER, Pres't.
PETER ENT, Sec'y.
Scott Township, June 27, 1866.

IN THE ESTATE OF SAMUEL SHULTZ, DECEASED.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Joseph H. Shultz; Andrew Shultz; Samuel B. Shultz; Elisha Shultz; Nancy, intermarried with Gearhart Kile; Sarah, intermarried with Joseph Britain; Naamah, intermarried with Samuel White; Mary Ann, intermarried with Samuel H. York; Lucinda Shultz; Joseph Oscar Shultz; Mary Ellen Shultz; Harriet Shultz; Thomas Shultz; Zephaniah Shultz; and Albert A. Smith. You and each of you are hereby cited and commanded to be and appear, in your proper persons, at an Orphan's Court, to be holden at Bloomsburg, in and for the said county, the first Monday of September next, then and there to answer the bill or petition of Samuel B. Shultz, administrator of Samuel Shultz, late of Benton Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, praying the Court to decree the specific performance of contract between said Samuel Shultz, deceased, and Elisha Shultz and Joseph H. Shultz, according to the true intent and meaning thereof, or show cause why the specific performance of said contract should not be decreed.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, the eleventh day of May, A.D. 1866.

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.
BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

MILLER'S STORE.
FRESH ARRIVAL OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, consisting of the following articles:

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Shawls,
Flannels,
Silks,
White Goods,
Linens,
Hoop Skirts,
Muslins,
Hollowware,
Cedarware
Queensware, Hardware,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Hoop Nets,
Umbrellas,
Looking-Glasses,
Tobacco,
Coffee,
Sugars,
Teas,
Rice,
Allspice,
Ginger,
Cinnamon,
Nutmegs,
AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.

In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.

S. H. MILLER,
Arcade Buildings, Bloomsburg, Pa.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 24 North Wharves, and 25 North Water St.,
Philadelphia.

BRODHEAD & KAUB,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 211 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

E. J. LESTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, &c.,
No. 20 North Second Street, opp. Christ Church,
Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN,
A GREAT NATIONAL JOURNAL,
published daily and weekly, in the National Capital, devoted to the support of the
NATIONAL ADMINISTRATION,
containing, beside editorials on the leading topics of the day, the
LATEST OFFICIAL NEWS
from the several Departments of the Government; the
MOST RELIABLE REPORTS
of the proceedings of the two Houses of Congress, and the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Courts of Claims; also
TELEGRAPHIC, GENERAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS NEWS;
the latest
RELIABLE AND LATEST REPORTS
from the Agricultural Bureau, the President's Cabinet, and from every other important source whence news comes—foreign and domestic.
THE REPUBLICAN, DAILY AND WEEKLY, will always be furnished with an
AMPLE SUPPLY OF LITERARY MATTER—POETRY AND PROSE.
A niche will be reserved for a word on the
ARTS AND SCIENCES,
BOOK REVIEWS,
WIT, HUMOR, &c.
THE REPUBLICAN,
under the present management, commenced in the midst of the Rebellion, January, 1861, and if it has not been the ablest, it has been as earnest and sincere in its support of Abraham Lincoln and his war policy, Emancipation Proclamation, and all, as any journal printed inside the Federal lines. Taking that ground, then, and finding Andrew Johnson standing firmly in defence of the same principles, we have no other duty to perform or desire to gratify than to "Fight it out on this line" until the Rebellion, armed or disarmed, is wholly and permanently put down.
THE OFFICIAL ADVERTISEMENTS
of all the Executive Departments of the Government are published in the
NATIONAL REPUBLICAN
BY AUTHORITY OF THE PRESIDENT.

One copy one year	$2 00
One copy six months	1 00
Three copies one year	5 00
Three copies six months	2 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Ten copies six months	7 50

A person sending us a club of twenty subscribers to the Weekly, and $30, will be entitled to an extra copy gratis.

The Daily National Republican is furnished to mail subscribers at $5 per annum; $3 for six months. Five copies one year $25. Address
W. J. MURTAGH & CO.,
Washington, D. C.

GRAND OPENING
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McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,
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McKELVY, NEAL & CO'S,
Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
IRON AND NAILS,
in large quantities and at reduced rates, always on hand.

PUBLIC SALE OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., on Saturday, the 23d day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Philip Foust, administrator of Daniel Krum, late of Cooper Township, Montour County, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, at the house of Emanuel Lazarus, in Montour Township, a certain tract of land, situate in Montour Township, Columbia County, adjoining lands of Emanuel Lazarus on the east, the River Susquehanna on the south, and the line dividing the Counties of Columbia and Montour on the north, containing eighty-two acres and sixty-six perches neat measure, about twenty acres of which is improved or cleared land. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Montour and county aforesaid.

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.
BLOOMSBURG, May 25, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money to be paid by the purchaser to the administrator on the day of sale; the residue of the purchase money to be paid in one year from the confirmation nisi, &c., with interest from the confirmation. The purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.

PHILIP FOUST, Administrator.
May 25, 1866.

ADJOURNED SALE.

The sale of the above described real estate adjourned until Saturday, the 28th day of July, 1866.

PHILIP FOUST, Administrator.

LIFE INSURANCE.

If you wish to live long and die happy, go without delay and
INSURE YOUR LIFE
in the best Company in the world,
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
ITS CASH ASSETS ARE $15,000,000,
and its annual dividend for the fiscal year of 1865 amounts to seventy-five per cent. on all participating premiums, being the largest dividend ever declared by any company for the same length of time. For further information apply to

P. S. BISHEL, Agent,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

ESTATE OF JOHN SANKEY, SR., DECEASED.—To Jacob Sankey; Samuel Sankey; John Sankey; Cyrus Sankey; James W. Sankey; Mary Ann Sankey, intermarried with Aaron Wolf; Lydia Sankey, intermarried with James G. Fritz; Susan Reighard; and Mary Catharine Reighard; the last two named are minors of Polly Sankey, late Polly Reighard, deceased, heirs and legal representatives of John Sankey, Sr., deceased. You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, at an Orphans' Court to be held at Bloomsburg, in said county, the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said John Sankey, Sr., deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by said the Court, and returned by the Sheriff, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, the tenth day of May, A.D. 1866.

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.
BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH HAYHURST, DECEASED.—To Mary, intermarried with David Brobst; Susan, intermarried with George Stricker; Ellen, intermarried with Cyrus B. Appleman; Bazaleel, Elizabeth, and Benajah, lineal descendents of Joseph Hayhurst, late of Orange Township, in said County of Columbia, deceased, and all other persons interested. You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, in said county, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of the said Joseph Hayhurst, deceased, situate in Orange Township, Columbia County, at the appraised value put upon it by an inquest, duly awarded by the Court and returned by the Sheriff, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Honorable William Elwell, President of our said Court, at Bloomsburg, May tenth A.D. 1866. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk O. C.,
BLOOMSBURG, June 7, 1866.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Please take notice that I, Ira Roadarmel, of Centreville, Columbia County, having bought the following list of property from Peter Hower, do declare that it is my intention to lend the same to the said Hower, to wit: four beds; one dozen chairs; one lot of dishes; one cupboard; one bureau; twenty yards of carpet; one cooking stove; one parlor stove; one two-horse wagon; one two-horse carriage; one double set of harness; one single set of harness; two tables; two pigs. IRA ROADARMEL.

THE GALAXY,
A FORTNIGHTLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE GALAXY is published fortnightly, on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has the advantage of coming to the reader intermediately between the monthlies and the weeklies.

With the second number the Magazine was enlarged by sixteen pages, making it to contain ninety-six pages of matter.

ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

THE GALAXY will be an original American Magazine of the highest class. Arrangements have accordingly been made for regular contributions from the best known and most meritorious writers in the country; and moreover, the Editor will always seek to elicit and encourage contributions from new authors of real ability or decided genius. The articles in THE GALAXY will be signed with the names of their authors, who will be allowed a wide freedom in the expression of opinions.

The first and second numbers of THE GALAXY, for May first and fifteenth, 1866, contain contributions from John Esten Cooke, Frances Power Cobbe, Rose Terry, George Alfred Townsend, Edmund C. Stedman, the Author of "Emily Chester," Professor Pierre Blot, Dr. W. H. Draper, Stallman S. Conant, General Chaserel, and others. "The Claverings," by Anthony Trollope, and "Archie Lovell," by Mrs. Edwards, were commenced in the first number of THE GALAXY, and will continue to be published serially shortly, famously with their appearance in England. The back numbers of the Magazine containing these stories may always be obtained from a newsdealer or from the proprietors.

PROFESSOR BLOT ON COOKERY.

In the second number of THE GALAXY was commenced a series of articles on Cookery, by Professor Pierre Blot, the well-known teacher of the art. These articles will be made of great practical value to every family. Beside many gastronomical directions of essential importance, they will contain receipts and practical suggestions which must secure for them thousands of readers.

TERMS.

The price of THE GALAXY is 25 cents a number; $5 for the year of twenty-four numbers; $3 for six months—twelve numbers. The volumes for the year will include 2,500 octavo pages, illustrated by twenty-five or more full-page engravings, printed on tinted paper; beside innumerable smaller illustrations, scattered through the text. THE GALAXY may be served at the rate of twenty-five cents a number for any length of time desired.

Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address
W. C. & F. P. CHURCH, Proprietors,
37 Park Row, New York.

THE NEW GROCERY STORE,
on Main Street,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS
just received at
HENRY GIGER'S NEW STORE.
Dry Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Molasses,
Sugars,
Teas,
Coffee,
Rice,
Spices,
Fish,
Salt,
Raisins,
Tobacco,
Segars,
Candies,
Notions,
Toys,
FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS,
together with a great variety of notions generally kept in stores.
BUTTER, EGGS, MEAT, AND PRODUCE
taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.
HENRY GIGER.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an
OMNIBUS LINE
between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Rundel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Rundel in three. We are satisfied it will take as much hay into the mow as two good horse can draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.

C. BITTENBENDER, W. R. KROSS, JOHN DEIBERICK, H. DIGLESILLER, MICHAEL HELLER, DR. F. C. HARRISON, JOHN DOAK, DANIEL NOYER, SYLVESTER PURSEL, JOHN WOLF.

They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

FORK'S HOTEL,
GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors except that popular beverage known as "*McHenry*'s," purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS &c.,
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.
Fresh arrival of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
DAVID LOWENBERG
invites attention to his stock of
CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,
at his store on
Main Street, two doors above the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.,
where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome
DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH
COATS AND PANTS,
of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of
FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,
STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES,
He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of
CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,
which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.
GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
of every description, fine and cheap. His case of jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of
CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.
DAVID LOWENBERG.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER,
the successors of
WILLIAM SLOAN & SON,
continue the business of making
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every style of
FANCY WAGONS,
which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toy and Fancy Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swain's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also
MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALFSKINS, PINK
TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,
by the dozen or half-dozen. Also
SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING-TACKLE, &c.
Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "In medicines quality is of the first importance."
JOHN B. MOYER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.
Owing to the late fall in gold,
EPHRAIM W. ELWELL
has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES,
CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED
FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH,
BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR,
FEED, &c., &c. &c.,
give me a call. EPHRAIM W. ELWELL.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting (on his part) to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.
Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,
Catawissa, Pa.

The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.
E. H. STOHNER
has always on hand and for sale
FRESH BREAD, CAKES, AND PIES,
FRENCH AND DOMESTIC CONFECTIONS
in every style and variety,
NUTS, FRUITS,
and everything usually found in a
FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE.
Having recently fitted up a new and elegant
ICE-CREAM AND EATING SALOON,
he is prepared to accomodate ladies and gentlemen in the best style.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY
AND TOILET ARTICLES.
EYER & MOYER
respectfully invite a continuance of patronage. Their Drugs and Medicines are all selected with the greatest care, avoiding as much as possible the introduction of delirious nostrums, and are purchased from the best importing houses in the country.
PATENT MEDICINES
of all kinds, including Ayer's, Jayne's, Holloway's, Hostetter's, Wishart's, Hoofland's, &c. constantly on hand.
COAL OIL AND ALCOHOL.
HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND
CLOTHES BRUSHES
PAINTS AND CHEMICALS
of every variety, and of the best quality.
FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.
The public may rely at all times on procuring the above articles, with all the new useful preparations kept in the best conducted establishments.
PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS
and Family Receipts compounded with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of
MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST
FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES,
MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c
He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.

His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.

Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for Castings.

This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER BILLMYER.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,
second door below Hartman's, Main Street.
Just received a new stock of
ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS
CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS
and every variety of articles usually kept in a
FANCY STORE.
Also
SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,
and a large lot of
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS,
BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,
and a general and well-selected assortment of
PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.
A. D. WEBB.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
Estate of William Robison, deceased.
THREE VALUABLE BUSINES

NEARER TO THEE.

DAY by day the sunsets fleet
O'er the western hills with their shining feet;
Hour by hour disappears,
Till their strands have braided the chain of years.
I number them all as they come and pass,
The sands of life through its crystal glass,
Murmuring still, as they glide, to me,
"Nearer to thee, nearer to thee!"

I keep in my heart the days of old,
The sunsets that brightened their blue with gold;
The voice that blended its melody
With the breath of the breeze o'er the Summer sea,
I must list in vain for its thrilling tone,
Till it greets my ear in the land unknown;
But my hope grows bright as the seasons flee—
"Nearer to thee, nearer to thee!"

The violets ope their eyes of blue;
The roses bend 'neath the morning dew;
The lily spreadeth its leaves apart
O'er the purple stain on its golden heart.
A whisper comes when the day has flown,
With the starry twilight dim and lone,
With the breath of the morning, fresh and free,
"Nearer to thee, nearer to thee."

Dost thou look over the crystal walls afar,
With thy pure brow crowned with the twilight star?
Do thine eyes e'er turn from the shining shore
To the earth which thy feet may tread no more?
Send from thine Eden of bliss above
Whispers of blessing and thoughts of love,
Till I greet thee there, forever to be
"Nearer to thee, nearer to thee!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Report of Agricultural Commissioner.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON, June, 1866.

FROM a careful analysis of statistical returns, with due regard to the usual average product and present losses of each State, the prospect on the first of June was for seven tenths of a crop. With favorable weather, and absence from casualities before harvesting, the indications point to three fourths of an average total yield of wheat.

The injury has been mainly attributed to Winter-killing. In addition, the depredations of the fly have been complained of in many places, and injury has also resulted from dry weather early in the Spring.

In the general expression of loss and anxiety, such statements as the following, of which many were received, are gratifying:

The Secretary of the Montgomery County (Illinois) Agricultural Society says: "The appearance of Winter wheat was never better at this season of the year, and if it ripens off without rust or other injury, will be the best crop of wheat in this section of the country for many years."

Allen County, Kansas.—"Our prospect for Winter wheat is better than ever known in this section."

Woodson County, Kansas.—"Our Winter wheat makes the best appearance that it ever did at this season, and bids fair to be heavy."

Union County, Ohio.—After reporting the prospect of one fifth of a crop, our correspondent says: "A few fields of good wheat are seen, but they are invariably protected by timber on the northern and western sides.

Ohio and Indiana appear to have suffered most from Winter-killing. A prospect for thirty-four per cent. of a crop of Winter wheat in Indiana is sufficiently discouraging. An increase, by four tenths, of the average breadth of Spring wheat will afford some relief, and ought to bring up the total average to half a crop. Ohio is reported at four tenths for Winter wheat, and with two and a half teaths more of Spring wheat than usual. A very little better prospect for Winter wheat than Indiana, and not quite so large an increase of Spring wheat, will give about the same result—half an average crop.

Illinois, now our greatest wheat-growing State, promises seven tenths of a crop. As the Spring wheat, which is the main dependence for a crop in portions of the State, is nearly as good as usual, at least three fourths of a crop of wheat should be expected in this State.

In Wisconsin the Winter wheat is reported at six and one third tenths, with one and three fourths more Spring wheat than usual, which should secure three fourths of an average crop for this State.

In Iowa the appearance of Winter wheat is nine tenths, Spring ten and three fourth tenths, and breadth of the latter sown twelve and one eighth tenths. This should give at least an average crop for Iowa.

In Pennsylvania the wheat crop is eight tenths.

In New York, Winter wheat eight and four ninth tenths; Spring wheat nine and three fifth tenths—or about eight tenths for the crop as a whole.

In Missouri a prospect for a full crop of Winter wheat is reported, with one half tenth or five per cent. more than usual breadth of Spring wheat, looking nearly as well as usual at this season of the year.

Kentucky is reported at five and two third tenths.

Michigan, seven and a half tenths.

Minnesota, ten and five-ninth tenths for Winter wheat, and nine tenths for Spring wheat.

Kansas, fourteen and one third tenths for Winter and twelve tenths for Spring wheat.

In New England, except in Massachusetts, a full breadth of Spring wheat is sown, looking better than an average in Maine, and a fraction lower than an average in the other States.

Winter wheat, where it is grown at all, has suffered to the extent of one and two tenths, and in Vermont and Connecticut three tenths.

New Jersey is placed in the same list with New York and Pennsylvania, at eight tenths; and Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia will average about six tenths.

Winter Rye.—The Winter rye shared the fate of the wheat, but in a less degree. The injury was greatest in Ohio, West Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Michigan, and Indiana. Delaware, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont come next in order. Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota are the only States above the average, while Missouri and New Hampshire are reported at ten tenths.

Winter Barley.—Ohio promises little more than half a crop; Virginia six tenths, and Connecticut, Iowa, and Wisconsin eight tenths. Kentucky, Illinois, eight tenths; New Hampshire and Massachusetts, ten tenths; Kansas, thirteen tenths; Nebraska, fifteen tenths. The average will be about eight and a half tenths. The Spring barley, while varying in promise in different States, will average ten tenths.

Oats.—The average of this crop is larger than usual in nearly all the States. The appearance of the crop is, in Indiana, eight tenths; in Illinois, eight and a half tenths; in Ohio and Michigan, nine tenths; in other States ranging from nine to thirteen tenths; Rhode Island, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska being above the average. The crop indicates an average yield.

Clover.—More clover was sown than usual, and is reported in full average condition. In Delaware and Missouri its appearance is worst, though the increased acreage will make up the deficiency. Maryland, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Illinois, and Kansas fall a little below the average; Maine, thirteen and one sixth tenths.

Pastures.—Returns have been unfavorable to the dairy interest. A very general falling off is observed in the condition of of pastures, except in the States beyond the Mississippi.

Maple Sugar and Molasses.—This product will average nine and three quarter tenths. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Delaware ten tenths. The other New England States nine and a quarter tenths. The Middle and Western States seven to nine tenths.

Sheep.—Sheep took the field this Spring in better condition than usual. In some places neglect, and consequent disease and death, are reported, arising from depreciation in prices of wool.

Fruit.—A medium crop of apples is indicated, though there is variation in the appearance in different localities. In New England and the extreme West the prospect is better than usual; in the central States worse. Peaches have suffered from Winter-killing very generally. In Ohio scarcely a third of a crop is expected; In New Jersey less than half a crop; in Delaware and Maryland about six tenths.

Pears.—Pears will not prove an average crop.

ISAAC NEWTON,
Commissioner.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

The One Little Favor.

LITTLE PIERRE sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for a whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music.

As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice would falter at his sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see, but hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame M——, then a famous cantatrice, would sing that night at the temple.

"Oh, if I could *only* go," thought Little Pierre; and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighted with unwonted fire, and running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said Madame M—— to her servant. "I am already nearly worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can *only* see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight up to Madame M——, and bowing, said: "I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if *you* would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful women rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child? And the words? wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh! yes;" and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness; but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown, with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets—come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me. My good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury beside, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his great good-fortune.

Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling; the myriad lights; the beauty; the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered eyes and brain. At last *she* came; and the child sat with his gaze riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady all blazing with jewels, and whom crowded seemed to worship, was the same who had spoken to him so kindly? Breathless with delight he waited—the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and nought could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on air. What cared he for money now? The greatest prima-donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M——. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said; "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's Great Master, went about doing good. And in her early happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

WIT AND HUMOR.

WOMAN—An essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound.

"COME! Oakum with me!" said a ship-caulker to his sweetheart.

AN eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

IT does not follow that Rome was built in the night because it wasn't built in a day.

"UGH! Him great man! Big brave! Take many scalps," said an Indian, seeing a window full of wigs.

THERE is some travel on the railroads in the Winter, but at this season there is Summer travel.

THERE is a new drink in Washington, composed chiefly of milk and water, and called the "Natick Cobbler."

A GREAT physician should have the freedom of cities presented to him in a pill-box.

WHY is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Because he is a little Bigger.

As the best-tempered sword is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous to their inferiors.

THE Chinese have a proverb that an unlucky word dropped from a tongue cannot be brought back by a coach and six horses.

"YES, ma'am, that's a crack article," said a shopkeeper to a lady purchaser. "Oh, mercy!" cried she; "if the thing is cracked I don't want it."

A CONTRIBUTOR who is famous for working up old jokes, says that at the great fire in Irving Place, it was found that nearly every fireman in New York could "play on the piano."

IT was a starving corset-maker who thus vented her miserable complaint: "Shame that I should be without bread, after I have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

AN attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken *all* the man had. He was thereupon honorably acquitted.

"WE row in the same boat, you know," said a literary friend to Jerrold. This literary friend was a comic writer, and a comic writer only. Jerrold replied: "True, my good fellow, we *do* row in the same boat, but with very different *skulls*."

MRS. SATURN, one of the ladies in waiting upon the Sun, is said to have been the first lady who wore hoops. High authority for the fashion, that; and the way men have been gazing at them for ever so many years shows that they admire it.

"How do you know that that mummy was once the body of the real Nebuchadnezzar?" "Because," said the exhibitor, "when we opened it the stomach was found full of green grass; and Nebuchadnezzar was the only gentleman we read of who lived on that food."

A GENTLEMAN replied to a female Irish vagrant who accosted him, that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where your honor lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I couldn't interfere with your arrangements."

A BOY with ragged trowsers and rimless chip hat runs into Dr. Fuller's drug store with a dipper in his hand. "Doctor, mother sent me to the shotheeary pop quicker'n blazes, cos bub's sick with the picken chox, and she wants a thimbleful of polly gollic in this din tipper, cos we hadn't bot a gottle, and the kint pup's got the hine witters isn't—got any?"

A PASSENGER swearing terribly in the cars on the Boston and Providence Railway was approached by a young minister with more zeal than discretion, who said to him abruptly: "My dear sir, do you know where you are going? You are going straight to Hell!" "Just my d—d luck!" replied the man, looking the minister in the face with an alarmed air, and suddenly fumbling for his check, "I bought a ticket for Provi-dence."

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CATAWISSA RAILROAD.
From and after October 2, 1865, the trains will pass Rupert as follows:
GOING NORTH.—Elmira Mail at 4 P.M.; Erie Express at 2:18 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; New York Express at 4 P.M.
GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.
On and after March 11, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:
SOUTHWARD.—Leave Scranton at 4:40 P.M. and 5:50 A.M.; Kingston at 6 P.M. and 6:55 A.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:20 P.M. and 8:20 A.M. Arrive at Northumberland at 8:50 P.M. and 9:05 A.M.
NORTHWARD.—Leave Northumberland at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8:35 A.M. and 6:35 P.M.; Scranton at 11:05 A.M. and 9 P.M. Arrive at Scranton at 12:40 A.M. and 10:15 P.M.
H. A. FONDA, Supt.
Kingston, March 13, 1866.

GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE
to the
NORTH AND WEST.
FOUR DAILY TRAINS.
ON AND AFTER MARCH 12, 1866, trains will leave as follows:

	Leave Wash'n.	Leave Balto.
Express Mail	9:20 A.M.	9:05 A.M.
Fast Line	7:40 A.M.	12:10 P.M.
Pittsburg and Erie Ex.	3:30 P.M.	7:20 P.M.
Pittsburg and Elmira Ex.	7:40 P.M.	9:45 P.M.

TWO TRAINS ON SUNDAY,
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Leave Washington at 2:45 and 7:40 P.M.
SLEEPING CARS ON ALL NIGHT TRAINS,
LOW FARE AND QUICK TIME.
Cars run through from Baltimore to Pittsburg, Erie, or Elmira without change.
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Time of Passenger Trains at Northumberland:
LEAVE EASTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 11:25 P.M.; Erie Express Train, 8:25 A.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 10:55 A.M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 5 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 3:14 P.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 4:30 P.M.
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
NEW YORK CONNECTION.—Leave New York at 9 A.M., arrive at Erie at 9:35 A.M.; Leave Erie at 4:55 P.M., arrive at New York at 5:30 P.M.
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H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
H. W. GWYN,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
A. L. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.
March 22, 1866.

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
April 23, 1866,
Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3, 7:40, and 9:50 A.M., and 2 and 9:20 P.M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 3:40 and 10 A.M., and 3:40 and 10:35 P.M. Sleeping Cars accompany the 3 A.M. and 9:20 P.M. trains, without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 7:40 A.M., and 2 and 9:20 P.M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations, the 9:20 P.M. train making no close connections for Pottsville or Philadelphia. For Intermediate Stations, see Way Bills.
Returning, leave New York at 9 A.M., 12 M., and 6:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M., and 12 M., 3:30 P.M.; Pottsville at 8:30 A.M. and 2:45 P.M.; Ashland at 6 and 11:15 A.M., and 1:50 P.M.; Tamaqua at 8:45 A.M. and 1 and 8:35 P.M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7 A.M.
Reading Accomodation Train leaves Reading at 6 A.M., returning from Philadelphia at 5 P.M.
Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6:30 and 8:45 A.M. for Ephrata, Lititz, Columbia, &c., &c.
On Sundays leave New York at 5:30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3:15 P.M., the 8 A.M. train running only to Reading; Pottsville at 8 A.M.; Tamaqua at 9:30 A.M.; Harrisburg at 9:05 A.M.; and Reading at 10:30 A.M. for Harrisburg, and 10:52 A.M. for New York, and 5:25 P.M. for Philadelphia.
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G. A. NICOLLS, Gen. Supt.
Reading, Pa., April 23, 1866.

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In reply to several applications, arrangements have been made for a special Watering-Place subscription to the LEADER, which is pre-eminently a Watering-Place Paper. The paper will be mailed to subscribers for three months for one dollar, and the addresses of city subscribers will be changed upon application at this office, so that those who visit the Summer resorts may not be deprived of this weekly photograph of political, literary, artistic, dramatic, and social life in the metropolis. All contributions, books, business letters, communications, etc., must be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE LEADER,
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